FINE PRINTING &
Mr BRUCE ROGERS
BY A. W. POLLARD

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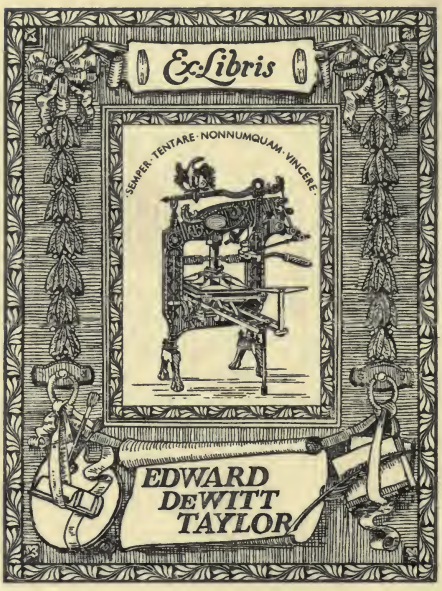


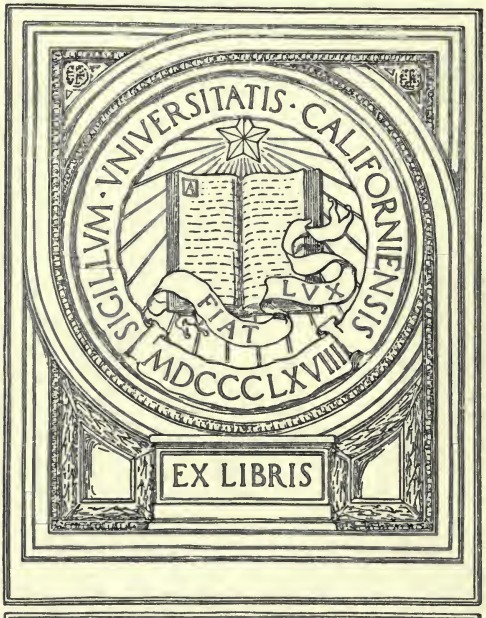


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# MODERN FINE PRINTING IN ENGLAND AND MR. BRUCE ROGERS

MODERN LIFE PRINTING
IN ENGLAND
AND ME. BRUCE ROGERS

# MODERN FINE PRINTING IN ENGLAND AND MR. BRUCE ROGERS

BY

ALFRED W. POLLARD

WITH A LIST OF
BOOKS & OTHER PIECES OF PRINTING
DESIGNED BY MR. ROGERS

NEWARK N. J.
THE CARTERET BOOK CLUB
MCMXVI

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# MODERN FINE PRINTING IN ENGLAND AND MR. BRUCE ROGERS

UNIV. CALIFORN

IT is now a full quarter of a century since William Morris, not without Mr. Emery Walker standing by his side, began his notable attempt to infuse new colour, richness and life into English fine printing, and no one can say that the movement thus inaugurated failed to attain great things. Starting with Fifteenth Century models, it showed, not by one achievement but by many, that when fine artistic taste is available for guidance, modern craftsmanship can outdistance the best of the old printers on their own lines. Morris's Troy type is richer and more dignified than Ulrich Han's Italian Gothic, or the Psalter type used by George Reyser at Würzburg, and I can think of no other founts worthy to be named with it. The Doves Press Roman, with its clean-cut fineness of line, is like a race horse to a carriage horse when contrasted with the famous Jenson type which it reproduces with all the advantages of modern skill. Mr. Hornby's adaptation of the Subiaco semi-gothic, and Robert Proctor's rehandling of the Greek type used for the New



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Testament in the Complutensian Polyglott surpass their originals no less decisively. I once persuaded Mr. Cyril Davenport, when he was the Superintendent of Bookbindings at the British Museum, to arrange in the King's library, side by side in two compartments of a show case, the best examples which the Museum possessed of the bindings of Roger Payne and of those executed in the Sixteenth Century for the famous book-lover, Jean Grolier; only to be chagrined to find that Payne's bindings, for which I had (and have) a great affection, could not stand the test. The work of the older men possessed a dignity and breadth of style to which Payne never attained, and compared with which his finest efforts appeared no more than pretty. The result of a comparison between the best Fifteenth Century printing and the best books which have been produced in England during the past twenty-five years would be very different. It is hardly too much to say that the full capabilities of the Fifteenth Century style were never attained until the antiquarian revival of the style, under the inspiration of Morris, in our own day.

If we turn from type to decoration we have the same tale to tell, though here modern achievement has been much scantier. The Kelmscott Press books stand by themselves in their possession of printed ornament the like of which the Fifteenth Century never saw and beside which

the best Augsburg and Venetian work looks poor and pale. But Morris's triumph in this respect was robbed of any great after effect by its very completeness. Some good decorative work may be found in the Vale Press books, and Mr. Laurence Housman produced, many years ago, some admirable capitals and tail pieces; but the standard which Morris had set was bafflingly high, and sooner than compete with it, Messrs. Walker and Sanderson and Mr. St. John Hornby turned aside and revived with distinguished success the painted or gilded plain capitals on which the earliest printers, with only a few exceptions, had relied to give gaiety and colour to their books. Nothing could be more charming than the pages thus illumined; but the introduction of handwork of this kind further emphasized a feature which had been present in the Kelmscott movement from the first, the acceptance of a strictly limited field as a necessary condition of doing good work.

Morris was moved to turn his hand to printing by his desire to find for his own books and some of his favourites by other authors, an external form which should be adequate and appropriate. His successors have been actuated by the same desire to improve the appearance of a strictly limited class of books. These aims have been splendidly attained and the books thus produced will stand out as a landmark in the history of printing so long as the history of printing itself

excites any interest. But the aim has all along been a restricted one and the restriction has had the bad effect of separating a special class of book by too wide an interval from the other works on the shelves, even (to adopt an expressive schoolgirl phrase) of a very 'high-toned' book lover. Frederick Locker had a story which I am almost as fond of telling as he was himself. He had sent one of his rare Elizabethan quartos to be bound by Bedford and when it came home was less satisfied than usual with its new jacket. He took back the book himself and made his little complaint. The old binder examined it carefully and then looking at his customer reproachfully, exclaimed, 'Why, Mr. Locker, you've been reading it!' So far the story is perhaps only on a level with *Punch's* of the boot-maker who protested against his boots being walked in as he 'only made for carriage folk,' but Locker's invariable comment gives it a higher turn. 'And I felt that he was right in reproaching me,' he used to say: 'I had no business to handle a rare edition for my own amusement; I ought only to have thought of taking care of it and to have used an ordinary copy for my own reading.' Now something of the same feeling which led Locker to say this must have been experienced by many owners of Kelmscott Press books when, prompted by a need for poetical refreshment, they have looked on the backs of their *Keats*, or *Shelley*, or *Herrick* in the

Kelmscott editions, still more when they have turned their eyes to the wonderful Kelmscott *Chaucer*. No phrase in any review of any book with which I have had to do ever gave me more pleasure than that in a notice of my edition of the *Canterbury Tales* in the Eversley Series, which said that this was the edition of the *Tales* to be read 'with one's feet on the fender.' I want to be able to read books with my feet on the fender, and I also want them to be well printed, but to read a Kelmscott book in this careless manner would be sacrilegious, bringing the offender under the guilt of the offence the old Greeks called ὕβρις, which leads a man to think that nothing can be too good for the use of such an important person as himself. To some of my readers this may seem fanciful, and yet I think, if they examine their own practice, they will find that my suggestion has something in it, and in so far as it is sound it tends to limit the usefulness of all these fine editions to two aspects: (1) that of testimonials of admiration for the books selected for this honour, (2) that of demonstrations of the skill of the printers. Both these objects are good and their achievement a matter of congratulation. I have already compared some of these fine editions to race-horses, and if race-horses are not in themselves exactly useful they are not only very beautiful and wonderful creatures but also helpful in improving the stock of the horses used for

other objects. The demonstration of the possibility of surpassing the most famous of the early printers on their own lines has been in itself a great encouragement, and when we remember that the Kelmscott movement started just at a time when there was a great cheapening in the price of books, and the advent of the halftone block and the loaded paper which usually goes with it threatened all the best interests of book-building, we need not be surprised if some of the force which should have been available for progress has been spent in combatting deterioration.

As for the testimonial aspect of the question I should have more sympathy for it, as for other testimonials, if it were inspired with a little more originality. To print a forgotten masterpiece, or the fine work of some yet unrecognized genius, with every charm that paper and print could give, would indeed be a good deed; but to offer these tributes to men whose fame is assured and whose books are in no risk of perishing is as idle as were the bestowal of some order of merit or honorary degree. Whether from literary or financial timidity, there has been little straying beyond the ranks of the 'accepted' in the choice of books for fine printing, and perhaps (the 'accepted' being not infrequently 'taken as read' like 'minutes' of which the contents are already known) this also has tended to restrict the use of these books.

In so far as the foregoing analysis is correct there

is surely something wrong in the present situation. Primarily and essentially a book is something to be read, not to be treated as an *objet d' art* to be occasionally taken down and shown to a friend. A collector of old china need not be expected to put his rare Worcester on his dinner-table, but a movement to improve the production of china which turned out expensive and strictly limited sets of dinner-plates, all of which when bought were promptly stowed away in china cabinets would not be achieving its immediate aim. What I personally desire to see is the typographically satisfactory edition, not only of the *Divina Commedia*, Shakespeare's *Sonnets* and Milton's *Paradise Lost*, but—ultimately—of *Vanity Fair* and the *Pickwick Papers*, and while these remain too difficult, of books such as Stevenson's *Virginibus Puerisque*, *An Inland Voyage* and *Prince Otto*, possibly even of *Treasure Island*. No doubt some one may be misguided enough to object that everything I want is already on the market, for are there not several fine and large collected editions of Stevenson's works, and not only of Stevenson's but of Kipling and Pater and Meredith, besides a bewildering choice of *Complete Works* of Dickens and Thackeray and all our other great writers? But this is not only to suggest that because there are many houses in London there is also much architecture; it actually bids us look for architecture in the long streets in

which every house is so exactly like every other house that an occupant need not be drunk to find a difficulty in distinguishing his own from his neighbour's. We can conceive, though existing instances are unhappily rare, of streets being built so that every house should have its own individuality and yet contribute to the charm of an architectural effect planned for the street as a whole; and in like manner we can conceive of collected editions of which the component volumes should all fit the same shelf and yet each have its own characteristics, both without and within. But such editions are not yet, and until we can achieve individuality in the single book it is idle to essay the harder task of combining such individuality with fidelity to a central idea. Meanwhile the monotony of collected editions is one of the things from which we should pray to be delivered. I think genuine book lovers have little affection for them. I have often seen such editions in the libraries of wealthy book buyers; but never in my life can I remember to have seen anyone reading a volume of them.

I come now to the explanation of why I look to America rather than to Great Britain (we have so many good Scottish printers that I must not say England) for that widening of the field of fine printing for which over here we have been waiting so long that it is difficult to remain hopeful. Deep down in the British heart there is an abid-

ing admiration for the solidity and durability which we consider the essentials of good workmanship. We fall away from this ideal in practice, as we fall away from other ideals, but it abides with us, and though our houses, our furniture, and our textiles are none of them as strongly made as they used to be, their merit still lies mainly in their strength. Beauty we regard as a matter of taste, of individual preference and opinion, and to pay more money, little or much, for making solid work beautiful is in our eyes a speculative investment not quite consonant with sound business principles. Thus in our English commercial printing our types on the whole are very good indeed; composition is accurate, spacing and presswork at least very fair. All that is needed to make our plain printing more generally excellent (some of it is already good) is better ink and more care and judgment, perhaps I should say more knowledge, as regards putting the type-page on the paper. To build decorative modern books, on the other hand, is a much more serious matter. At present our only idea of decoration seems to be to load a book with illustrations (portraits, views and the like) which stand in no constructive relation to the type-page, adding now and then some ugly capitals which have for so many generations been chosen without regard to the size of the type that now not to fit squarely into their place is regarded as

a beauty. To substitute for all this ugliness some little real decoration need not cost much more money, but it would cost much more trouble and thought. The general reader does not demand either the finishing touches to plain printing, which would cost little or nothing, or any beauty of decoration. He is so used to rather ugly books that he does not realize how much better he might be served; and because there is no clamour for improvement, English printers and the publishers who employ them, are content to jog along in the old way instead of going ahead of the demand in reliance on better and more beautiful work being sure in the long run of its reward. But we hear of a printing firm in America whose ordinary work is of a high character, keeping a special department for fine printing, and of a type foundry with a typographical library supported by liberal appropriations, and we see the much greater range and vigour of the American trade papers. We gather that to Americans far more than to our own people success seems to depend on readiness to lay hold of new ideas, and that they are more willing to make experiments, even experiments which cost money, in the confidence that they will ultimately be repaid by increased business.

This readiness to experiment is one of the most notable characteristics in the work of Mr. Bruce Rogers to which we now at last arrive. To

discuss this work exhaustively is unhappily not in my power, for very little has been done to bring it under the notice of English book buyers, and I know of no English library, public or private, in which it can be adequately studied. I could wish that some American collector had been inspired to present a set of Mr. Rogers's books to the British Museum, just to show us what an American printer can do, for while most of our English fine printing can be not unfairly judged by quite a few samples from any single press, his variety is far too great to receive adequate treatment on these lines. The Doves Press has produced all its books with a single fount of type; all Mr. St. John Hornby's successes have been won with another; Proctor, alas, had only time to bring one Greek fount into existence; even the Kelmscott Press was equipped with only three founts. Thus all these experimenters had to search for books suitable to their types; Mr. Rogers, on the other hand, has sought and found types suitable for printing books of many different kinds and it is this variety which makes his work so interesting.

The earliest piece of printing by Mr. Rogers to which I have access is a magnificent specimen sheet (so I take it to be) in large folio, the text chosen being Bacon's Latin dissertation on 'the great god Pan.' In the entablature is the title, PAN, SIVE NATVRA, the second and third

words being separated by a terminus of the god. Beneath this, as if on a great sheet stretched from column to column across a hall, are twenty-five lines of text printed in massed majuscules of a fount which a student of early printing may recognize as Venetian in character. On the second and third pages the text is continued in lower case. The fourth page bears the colophon:—

TYPIS EXCVDEBANT H.O.HOVGHTON ET
SOCII IN ÆDIBVS SVIS RIPARIIS
CANTABRIGIÆ MASSACHV-
SETTENSIS IN AMERICA
ANNO MDCCCCII

followed by Mr. Rogers's personal device, a thistle with his initials B. R., printed in red. Few printers can have produced so striking and sure-handed a diploma-piece, and it is characteristic of Mr. Rogers's work that while it is obvious that the style must be traced back to Italy at the end of the Fifteenth Century, the effects obtained are quite original. In 1903 he used the same fount of type for his largest undertaking, an edition of Montaigne's *Essays* in three folio volumes. For this the type is set solidly, there are headlines and page numeration, and large capitals with dotted backgrounds in the *criblé* style as used by the best printers at Paris and Lyons in the first half of the Sixteenth Century. The text is com-

pletely successful; the title pages and portrait frontispieces, though admirably engraved, a little less so. These are enclosed in borders modelled on some of those found in one of the later *Horæ* of the school of Geofroy Tory. There is an essential poverty about Renaissance ornament which makes its enlargement for use on a grand scale on a folio page not a little dangerous.

The Roman type of these two books appears a third time in *The Last Fight of the Revenge at Sea* with a black-letter headline, a glorified reminiscence of a late Elizabethan English capital, and a pictorial title (Sir Richard Grenville standing on the deck of his battered vessel) once more enclosed in Toryesque ornament. As several bits of Tory's ornaments had actually drifted to England in the middle of the Sixteenth Century, this is quite in keeping, and the three books, all printed in the same type, reproduce the spirit of the best Italian work of about 1500, the best French work of about 1530 and the best English work of about 1600, not with the cramped servility of a copyist, but with a large and liberal handling, the result of sympathetic understanding and better equipment.

As regards the black-letter style of the Fifteenth Century, English experiments had left few fresh laurels to be gained, but Mr. Rogers tried his hand at a venture which many people looked for from Morris, a reminiscence of the effect of a

Thirteenth Century manuscript in a large folio double-columned page in a French secretary type, lit up by a roundel or circular miniature, in colours, and with side-notes in a yellowish brown. I have seen only a single sheet of this, but I am told that a translation of the entire *Chanson de Roland* was printed on twenty-four of these large pages and that the hand coloured roundels were copied from the famous window at Chartres. To the credit of American book buyers an edition of 200 copies was eagerly bought up. The same French type was used also in a charming Christmas greeting printed for the late Charles Eliot Norton, dated Harvard University, 1904, giving the text of the Annunciation to the Shepherds, below a roundel of the Virgin and Child, the whole surrounded by Toryesque ornament printed in red. Another black-letter book is *The History of Oliver and Arthur* done into English by William Leighton and Eliza Barrett, 1903. This borrows some of its flourishes on the title-page from the style of the German *Theuerdannck* (1517) and may perhaps have been inspired by a Basel original of 1521, which I have never seen. Only I am sure that the Basel original was not nearly so handsome.

A special interest attaches to Mr. Rogers's experiments in italic type, because here, as far as recent work is concerned, he has the field almost to himself. The first italic type, as we all know,

was cut for Aldus and used by him, from 1501 onwards, in a series of small octavos, which by their cheapness and compactness achieved a very marked success. Not only were the types and format of his editions, and even the device which he put on them, unscrupulously copied at Lyons, but italic came into general use as a text type both in Italy and France and by about 1570 had almost, in vernacular books, displaced Roman altogether. From about 1570 onwards Roman gradually regained its lost ground, a matter for congratulation, as it is both easier to read and more dignified. For small thin books, however, as well as for prefatory matter, italic has two advantages. At its best it is not only light but graceful, and being based on current hands has a touch of individuality, almost of intimacy, which makes it very suitable for poetry and certain kinds of prose, notably for familiar letters. In 1903 Mr. Rogers used it with entire success for an English version of the *Songs and Sonnets* of Pierre de Ronsard with a mid-Sixteenth Century Lyonnese title-page, and for *Fifteen Sonnets* of Petrarch, on the title of which a hint from the Malermi Bible of 1490 is worked up into a truly Italian design, full of music and sunshine and graceful architecture.

All the books and pieces which I have mentioned, and some others which I have not seen, were the fruits of the happy activity of three

years, and I believe that no other printer, since printing began, could point to so varied an output of so high a standard of craftsmanship within so short a time. Certainly no other books I have ever seen embody more successfully the lightness of touch, gaiety and colour which have their place among the ideals of fine printing no less than splendour and dignity. If some one of America's many rich men had been taken with the idea of backing Mr. Rogers in a way that not even so enterprising a firm as the Riverside Press could be expected to do, it is tantalizing to think what fine things might have been achieved. Even at a time which was far from favourable (for the Kelmscott books after being run up to absurd prices by petty speculators had been unduly depreciated by the said petty speculators hurrying to seize profits, and the depreciation extended to all fine printing), and with less encouragement than should have been forthcoming, Mr. Rogers continued to show his skill in yet other styles, advancing now to the Eighteenth Century and producing some fine studies after French models. Moreover he began to print books of his own day, bibliographical and other, as well as those masterpieces of the past to which his fellow experimenters have almost exclusively confined themselves. He even raised concert programmes and notices of meetings of clubs and societies into little miracles of craftsmanship, an

entirely healthy use of his skill which gives me particular pleasure. Among the books of this period which I know as wholes or fragments are *A Christmas Eve Family Story*, *The Idylls of Theocritus* and Mackail's translation of Virgil's *Georgics*, all three using italic as a text type, and, as against these three, essays in three different Roman types, Sir Thomas Browne's *Urne-Buriall*, with the title in an elaborate woodcut frame, Sterne's *Sentimental Journey* and Bernardin de Saint Pierre's *Paul et Virginie*, this last looking as if it had come straight from the workshop of Didot.

Of Mr. Rogers's bibliographical books there are several I have not seen, but I am happy in possessing copies of two of the most important, the translation of Auguste Bernard's little book on *Geofroy Tory* and the recently issued monograph on *Franklin and his Press at Passy* by Mr. Luther S. Livingston, whose too early death, in common with all who knew him, I deeply lament. The *Tory* is printed in a very pleasing Roman type, with more individuality than Roman founts usually attain without falling into eccentricity, and the numerous reproductions of illustrations, borders and capitals by Tory himself or members of what may loosely be called his school, are very well executed. But the substitution within the borders of the letterpress of the modern treatise for the original texts seems to me, artistically as well as bibliographically, a serious error. The

*Franklin* is altogether satisfactory and this and some specimen pages I have seen, experimenting with a new 'Centaur' type, sufficiently prove that Mr. Rogers's hand and eye have gained rather than lost as the years have passed, and that given favorable conditions he should have as many new and beautiful combinations in store for us as in those wonderful early years of work for the Riverside Press, with which his connection is now severed.

The brief notes which I have here put together have been written without Mr. Rogers's knowledge, and consequently without information on many points indispensable for a competent account of his work, but which only he could give. As I have already said, there are several of his books which I have not even seen, and some that I have seen and admired I have not been able to bring into any of the groups under which I have written of his achievements. Mr. Rogers is, to my thinking, the most vital force in modern typography and I am more concerned to present his work in this aspect than to anticipate the task of his future historian. He stands apart from all other workers in the same field by the far wider range of his successful experiments, and also by the fact that (though he must still be reckoned a 'limited edition' man) by printing modern books which require prefaces, footnotes, indexes and all the other apparatus of scholarship and biblio-

graphy he has confronted, and confronted successfully, many typographical problems which all our English experimenters, who have worked mainly on Fifteenth Century lines, have left untouched. It has been his good luck indeed to find himself in special sympathy rather with the Sixteenth Century than with the Fifteenth. He has studied the Fifteenth Century and understood it; witness his use of massed majuscules on many of his titlepages and notably in his single sheet reprint of the *Declaration of Independence;* but his natural affinities are with Tory and the Estiennes, and like Tory, who has influenced him so powerfully (sometimes not altogether for good), a certain austerity in his touch raises him above the mere elegance of the Renaissance, so that he sometimes attains, sometimes only just falls short of, classical beauty.

I have called it Mr. Rogers's good luck that his affinities are with the Sixteenth Century rather than with the Fifteenth because it gives him a much better starting ground for modern work. An American reviewer unwisely hailed Mr. Rogers's *Montaigne* as finer than any of the masterpieces of the Kelmscott Press. It might as well be said that turbot is finer than tomato soup, pheasant than roast beef, cream cheese than apple tart! Between good things in different categories there can be no helpful comparison. Yet it remains true that some good things are more widely wanted

than others, and the Sixteenth Century models in book-building, because they are fully equipped modern books, instead of a compromise between the written books of the manuscript period and these, correspond to our modern wants more intimately than those of the Fifteenth Century can ever do. Because he starts from the Sixteenth instead of the Fifteenth Century I believe that Mr. Rogers's books have been much more commonly read, much less commonly treated as *objets d' art*, specimens of fine printing, testimonials and monuments of respect, than are those of his fellow-workers.

Two closely connected questions suggest themselves to me. Can Mr. Rogers develope a style exclusively his own, and can he (bibliographies and verse are a little anæmic) print a full-blooded modern book? Stevenson, to whom Mr. Rogers seems a typographical counterpart, has told us how diligently he 'played the sedulous ape' to this or that great writer. Mr. Rogers has done better. He has realized the ideals of several different periods with more complete success than his prototypes themselves attained. Give him a fragment of an antique, though it be but the foot, and he will build up his Hercules in fine style. But hitherto, like all the other experimenters, we have always found him looking around for a hint. By this method he has achieved all but the very highest success. I am eager to see him aim at the

very highest and produce an individual and characteristic book with no antiquarian flavour. Such a book must necessarily be a modern one, perhaps almost contemporaneous, for since I suggested *Pickwick* or *Vanity Fair* as the most crucial tests a conviction has come over me that, if Mr. Rogers were bidden to essay one of these, he would evade his task-master by producing not a *Pickwick* or a *Vanity Fair* transcending all bookish chronology but one in Parts and Paper Covers,—glorified Parts and glorified Paper Covers, but still as definitely antiquarian as his *Montaigne*. The friendly challenge I issue to him is to try his hand on some of Stevenson's works. If he can go from one to another and volume by volume bring together the component parts of a Complete Edition so much the better. I am sure the owners of Stevenson's copyrights would offer no unreasonable obstacles to such an experiment, and I cannot imagine one which would be more interesting. Pictorial illustrations might well be barred; but I should bargain for illustrative tailpieces. Will not Mr. Rogers take up the adventure?

# A LIST OF THE BOOKS
# AND OTHER PIECES OF PRINTING
# BY BRUCE ROGERS

EXHIBITED AT
THE PUBLIC LIBRARY OF NEWARK
BY
THE CARTERET BOOK CLUB
IN JUNE MCMXVI

AN EXHIBITION *of the work of Mr. Bruce Rogers, printer, was held in the Public Library of Newark, N.J., under the auspices of The Carteret Book Club of that city, June 3 to July 8, 1916. It included some seventy different books, and about one hundred other pieces of printing, such as broadsides, announcements, circulars and specimen pages.*

*Mr. Richard C. Jenkinson, Hon. Thomas L. Raymond, and Vice-Chancellor James E. Howell each contributed a number of volumes, comprising all those issued by the Riverside Press under the direction of Mr. Rogers between* 1900 *and* 1911. *A few were added by the Public Library, and several privately printed books, together with many notices and broadsides, by Mr. Rogers.*

*The Carteret Book Club had already decided at the time of the exhibition to publish the foregoing paper by Mr. Pollard and it now includes, as an appendix, the list which follows. Though believed to be complete, it is in no sense a bibliography, as its several items give only such detail as will mark them clearly as the editions that were printed under Mr. Rogers's supervision.*

J. C. DANA, *Secretary.*

OFFICE OF
THE CARTERET BOOK CLUB
NEWARK, N.J.

RIVERSIDE PRESS EDITIONS

PUBLISHED BY

HOUGHTON MIFFLIN

COMPANY

SONNETS AND MADRIGALS OF MICHEL-ANGELO
*Translated by W. W. Newell.* 300 *copies.* 16*mo. Caslon italic type.* 1900

RUBÁIYÁT OF OMAR KHAYYÁM
*Edited by W. A. Brown.* 300 *copies.* 8*vo. Brimmer type.* 1900

OF FRIENDSHIP
*By Henry D. Thoreau.* 500 *copies.* 16*mo. Brimmer type.* 1901

MR. BROWN'S LETTERS TO A YOUNG MAN ABOUT TOWN
*By W. M. Thackeray.* 500 *copies. Small* 8*vo. Riverside modern type.* 1901

VOYAGE AUTOUR DE MA CHAMBRE
*By Xavier de Maistre.* 500 *copies. Small* 8*vo. Caslon type.* 1901

OBERMANN: LETTERS TO A FRIEND
*By Etienne Pivert de Senancour. Translated by J. P. Frothingham. Two volumes.* 300 *copies.* 8*vo. Caslon type.* 1901

DEMOCRACY
*By James Russell Lowell.* 500 *copies.* 16*mo. Brimmer type.* 1902

THE LAST FIGHT OF THE REVENGE AT SEA
*By Sir Walter Raleigh.* 300 *copies printed by hand.* 4*to. Montaigne type, trial fount.* 1902

THE JOURNAL OF A VOYAGE TO LISBON
*By Henry Fielding.* 300 *copies.* 8*vo. Brimmer type.* 1902

THE POEMS OF EDWARD ROWLAND SILL
500 *copies. Large* 8*vo. Riverside modern type.* 1902

JOURNAL OF A TOUR IN THE NETHERLANDS

*By Robert Southey. 500 copies. Small 8vo. Riverside modern type.* 1902

ANTI-SLAVERY PAPERS

*By James Russell Lowell. First collected edition. Two volumes. 500 copies. 8vo. Riverside modern type.* 1902

PROTHALAMION AND EPITHALAMION

*By Edmund Spenser. 400 copies. Imperial 4to. Brimmer italic type.* 1902

MONTAIGNE'S ESSAYS

*Translated by Florio. Edited by George B. Ives. Three volumes. 250 copies. Folio. Montaigne type.* 1902-04

INSTRUCTIONS CONCERNING ERECTING OF A LIBRARY

*By Gabriel Naudé. Translated by John Evelyn. 400 copies. Square 16mo. Brimmer type.* 1903

COMPENSATION

*By Ralph Waldo Emerson. 500 copies. 16mo. Brimmer type.* 1903

SONGS AND SONNETS OF PIERRE DE RONSARD

*Selected and translated by C. H. Page. 400 copies. Tall 16mo. Caslon italic type.* 1903

FIFTEEN SONNETS OF PETRARCH

*Selected and translated by T. W. Higginson. 400 copies. Tall 16mo. Caslon italic type.* 1903

MY COOKERY BOOKS

*By Elizabeth Robins Pennell. Illustrated. 300 copies. 4to. Modern face type.* 1903

THE HISTORY OF OLIVER AND ARTHUR

*Translated by William Leighton and Eliza Barrett. Illustrated. 300 copies. 4to. Priory text type.* 1903

THE OLD MANSE

*By Nathaniel Hawthorne. 500 copies. 16mo. Brimmer type.* 1904

THE PARLEMENT OF FOULES

*By Geoffrey Chaucer. 300 copies. 8vo. French Gothic type.* 1904

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